



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

"An Essay towards illustrating the ancient history of the Britannic Isles." This work might be justly called a preface to the ancient history of Ireland; and it was soon followed by his "Vindication of the Ancient History of Ireland," with copious notes and remarks to each chapter.

In 1788, he published, in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, "A Memoir of the Language, Manners, and Customs of the Anglo-Saxon colony, settled in the Baronies of Forth and Bargie, in the County of Wexford, Ireland, in 1167, 1168, and 1169." This is truly an interesting memoir; it gives an excellent account of the customs and manners of the inhabitants, a vocabulary of their language, and an ancient song, which has been preserved by tradition from the arrival of the colony. In the same volume, he also gave an account of an ancient monument in the church of Lusk, County of Dublin, and enters into a disquisition on its hieroglyphics, which he explains by referring to his favourite *Hiberno-Sythian* dialect.

About this time, he published some papers in the *Archæologia*; in vol. 7th, page 276, are his "Observations on the Alphabet of the Pagan Irish; and of the age in which Finn and Ossian lived;" and in vol. 8th, page 302, his "Observations on an American inscription;" or more properly, if we credit some intelligent travellers, rude marks on a rock at Deighton, North America. Concerning this inscription, some persons had previously passed bold conjectures; but he differs much from them all, and pronounces

stated with accuracy. He was also one of the Vice-Presidents of the Dublin Society for many years, and discharged the duties of that office with such strict attention, that he was seldom absent one day.

the whole to be the work of a learned people, from which, he doubts not but the Irish were descended.

In 1797, appeared his long expected work, "The Ancient History of Ireland, proved from the Sanscrit books of the Bramins of India; dedicated to the President and Members of the Royal Academy." In the same year he published in the "Oriental Collections," "A Memoir on the Oriental emigrations of the Hibernian Druids."

These works display much extensive reading, learning, laborious research, and ingenuity; yet, unless a person be endowed with a large portion of *Irish Antiquarian belief*, they will be thought very unsatisfactory; many of the references being so very far-fetched, that most readers, after the most attentive perusal, will be little short of being bewildered. General Valencey's partiality to his adopted country, at times, appeared too strong for his judgment. He saw Irish in almost every thing, and every where.

From the period of the last noticed work, he wrote nothing that has appeared before the public; and if we except his constant attendance at the Dublin Society, mixed little in public life; residing in Mount-street, Merrion-square, Dublin; where he died, August 8th, 1812, aged 92.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF THE LATE HUGH M'AULEY,

IF the pen of the biographer be exclusively employed in the relation of the martial exploits of the hero, the penetrating judgment of the distinguished philosopher; or the acute and vigorous genius of the statesman, I may drop mine in the ink-stand, and continue in silence. I am inclined, however, to think, that unripened genius, when cut off

in a laudable career to clerical orders, in the performance of the duties of which profession, his growing abilities promised to bear a prominent part, and furnish ample scope for a biographical detail, is entitled to be ushered into public view, as the blossoms of future fame prematurely crushed in the embryo. If the authenticity of the following sketch can render it worthy your readers attention, I can safely affirm it possesses that quality, unalloyed by the introduction of fictitious appendages, and unexaggerated by the glare of false praise. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

TENTATOR.

Doran's Rock, Oct. 3d, 1813.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean
bear :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

MR. HUGH M'AULEY, the subject of this memoir, was the son of a respectable farmer in the parish of Killinchy. He was born in the year 1795, and under the immediate direction of his parents, received the rudiments of his education in the Saintfield Classical and English School. After going over the necessary routine of learning, he was removed in the fourteenth or fifteenth year of his age to the University of Glasgow, under the care of the Rev. Presbytery of Belfast. Few students so young were better qualified for pursuing with ability and success, the study of Grecian and Roman literature. His progress in the study of Logic and Moral Philosophy, was such as to reflect credit on himself. In the excellent libraries appropriated to the different classes, and open to the inspection of all, he found books

capable of cherishing that philosophical spirit, which he indulged in suitable inquiries. Though moving in the humble and unambitious sphere of a student, neither caring for the gay scenes of life, nor tasting the unhallowed cup of vice, yet he possessed all that generosity of manners, was guided by the impulse of that dignified spirit, which can steal on the heart and gain the affections. If in the hours of abstract speculation, melancholy cast a shade over his features and wrought up a reserve in his conduct, his fellow-students must remember there were luminous moments, when the ease of intimacy, and the hilarity of social enjoyment, banished gloomy thoughts, and gave vent to pleasant and useful conversation.

This young man may indeed be held forth as an example of piety, learning, and sound judgment. But though he cultivated with diligence his mental faculties, yet he was certainly reprehensible for a disregard to his health. Medical applications, exercise in the open air, and less confinement to his studies, might have baffled that disease, which hurried him in the bloom of youth to an untimely tomb. But that filial reverence which he never neglected to his parents, that kind attention and compassion which he bore to his friends, that pure flame of unconfined love which burned in his breast to the whole human race : these, and many other amiable qualities which irradiantly beamed through his mind during his short period of existence, are now silent and inactive :

"The cold worm creeps in his lordly breast,
He sleeps in the grave's decay."

Few readers of sensibility can withhold a generous sigh, as they notice the death of such a youth ! The hand of affection that pens this

short tribute, is held up to draw closer, rather than tear aside the pall overshadowing the departed. It is not fitting, it is not desired that the public gaze should behold with apathy and idle wonderment, all that could here with fidelity be stated. Though he lingered for six months, yet through the whole of that time, the lamp of life was wasting with extreme rapidity, and on the morning of the 17th October, 1812, he happily obtained by an easy and gentle expiration, his release from the troubles of mortality. Dare we draw aside the veil, and take a look into the unclouded regions of futurity? Our lamented friend and fellow-student, though wafted from our sight and society, enjoys life in the mansions of the blessed.

It is difficult in bearing testimony of departed worth, to avoid the appearance of partiality; yet one well acquainted with him for a series of years, his companion and fellow-lodger makes this statement from a conviction of its truth: and can this memorial be blamed, for where is there such an union of admirable qualities in the mind? In intellect, in heart, in temper, in manners, in strict and elevated principles, in pure and untainted conduct, he has left few behind him.

Whilst the writer of this article testifies the truth of a character, dictated by sincere regard, yet to his readers, he may hold him up as an example of the uncertainty of life; that the young and blooming youth may enter the tomb at an unexpected hour; that death is not the lot of the hoary-headed alone. But convinced of our mortality, and always prepared for the tribunal of our judge, we should regulate our lives and conduct by that religion and morality which can alone secure happiness in future. To do this, I shall be certainly excused when I become a plagiarist for the following inscription.

Pause here, and think: a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time,
Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding
vein,
Seems it to say—"Health here has long to
reign?
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? an heart to sigh!
Yet fear, youth oftimes healthful and at
ease
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like ****, aloud
Exclaims, 'Prepare thee for an early
shroud.'"

* The above elegant inscription was written for the tomb of a Mr. Hamilton, by Cowper.

DETACHED ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

HYPOCRITICAL CANTING.

A SINGLE anecdote frequently gives a greater insight of the character, than a multiplicity of volumes. Oliver Cromwell has been represented as sitting one day with some select friends, with a bottle in one hand, and bending under

the table to search for a cork-screw; a confidential servant entered the apartment, and announced a number of the "elect." "Tell them," says Cromwell, in the language of fanaticism: "tell them we are seeking the Lord. These fools think," he continued, turning to his friends, "that I am seeking the Lord, while